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gentlemanly feeling prevails throughout the work, and we know of no tourist who appears to have moved along in better humor with every thing around him.

If we objected to the first hundred and more pages, as being a redundancy in a tour like this, we cannot but regard the last thirty or forty as being still more liable to the same objection. No charm of writing, or ingenuity of thought, could infuse an interest into such a twice told tale.

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**ART. V.—*Servian Popular Poetry, translated by JOHN BOWRING.* London. 12mo. pp. 235.**

If we run our eyes over the map of European Turkey, we shall discover in its northwestern borders a small province called Servia, laved on the north by the waters of 'the dark rolling Danube,' and on the south separated from Albania and Macedonia by ridges of lofty mountains. History has recorded little to acquaint us with the origin, government, and character of the inhabitants of Servia. Gibbon leaves them, as he had found them, nearly in the dark, and comforts his readers with observing, that the country which they inhabit is one of the most hidden regions of Europe. Mr Bowring has searched, with some success, for facts to illustrate the history and condition of the people, whose charming poetry he has clothed in an English dress with so much spirit and apparent truth. These facts are derived from the highest sources, but they are scanty, and no pretension is made to a continued narrative.

The author carries us not back beyond the middle of the seventh century, at which period certain tribes of Slavonians began to spread themselves along the Danube and Sava, who, in process of time, became distinctly marked out into six kingdoms, four of which, that is, Servia, Bosnia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia, were comprised under the sonorous name of *Srb*. Their early history is yet a study for the antiquarian; the learned even disagree as to the meaning of this cognomen; some derive it from *Srp*, a sickle, but wherefore a sickle is not told; some would trace it to the Latin *servus*; and some refer it to other sources; but Dobrowsky declares, after

examining all the dialects (*consultis etiam dialectis omnibus*), that its signification is not to be found out. Be this as it may, the Servians grew into a separate nation, and before the end of the seventh century they built the city of Servica, on the banks of the Danube. For a time they were tributary to the Greeks, and then they warred with the Hungarians, their neighbors. Next they leagued with the Roman emperors against Commenus, the Grecian monarch. Again they were subdued by the Greeks, from whose control they were but partially relieved, when the Hungarians came down upon them from the north, and put them under a king subject to a foreign power. This yoke was soon thrown off, but another, not less onerous, was imposed, in the shape of an aristocracy of dukes, princes, and nobles, set up among themselves.

Such were the vicissitudes of Servia, till near the end of the fourteenth century, when it was governed by a very popular monarch, who had made himself renowned for his successful wars against the Greeks, and esteemed for his virtues. His immediate successor was Lazar, memorable for the signal defeat suffered by himself and the whole Servian army, on the fatal field of Kossova, in a battle with the Turks, led on by the Sultan Murad. With this catastrophe the setting sun of liberty cast its last gleams on the hills of Servia. It was a theme of melancholy recollection, for which the Servian muse has often been invoked by her most gifted bards. From that time Servia was a dependent province, doomed to be enslaved by different masters, as the Turks or Hungarians gained the ascendancy. Thousands of her sons fled from their native land, and sought a refuge in Russia, Hungary, and other northern countries. Within the present century, Servia has shaken off the Turkish bondage, and is now governed by a prince, called Milosh Obrenowich, under the protection of Austria.

The Servian language is a shoot from the old Slavonian stock, and Mr Bowring tells us it is ‘the most cultivated, the most interesting, and the most widely spread, of all the southern Slavonian dialects.’ It is spoken by five millions of people, about two millions of whom are Mahomedans. The Slavonian runs out into two branches, comprising the Bohemian, Polish, and Russian dialects on the north, and the Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Servian on the south. This last dialect has been softened by the proximity of the Servians to Italy and Greece, especially in having the bristly surface of its consonants smoothed

down, and in receiving vowel terminations. By this process it has become better adapted to poetry and music, than its kindred idioms of the north. The Turks have contributed their share to the Servian vocabulary, but without affecting the original structure of the language. With an instrument of thought thus polished and enriched, it is no wonder that minstrels should be moved to give utterance to their inspirations. Schaffarik is quoted by Mr Bowring, as describing the different Slavonic tongues 'fancifully but truly,' when he says, that 'Servian song resembles the tune of the violin; old Slavonian, that of the organ; Polish, that of the guitar. The old Slavonian, in its psalms, sounds like the rush of the mountain stream; Polish, like the bubbling and sparkling of a fountain; and the Servian, like the quiet murmuring of a streamlet in the valley.'

That there was such a thing in existence, as Servian literature, is a discovery of very recent date. Göthe long ago translated, from a French version, the beautiful Servian ballad, entitled the *Lament of Hassan Aga's Wife*. Its origin was doubtful, however, till it appeared in a collection of Servian songs, published about three years ago at Leipzig. The first intelligence, we believe, which the English reader obtained of this newly discovered treasure of poetry, was from an article in the eleventh number of the Westminster Review, containing translations from Vuk's collection, and being a sort of prelude to Mr Bowring's volume. It may be presumed, indeed, to have proceeded from the same ready hand. Since that time the Quarterly has given us other specimens, and we are now favored with the result of Mr Bowring's labors, in the translations from the Servian minstrelsy, which he has published in a separate form. Dr Vuk is a Servian by birth, and was educated at Karlovitz. He afterwards resided in Vienna, where he became acquainted with men of letters, and soon devoted his thoughts and researches to the literature of his native country, particularly to its popular poetry. Thirteen years ago he published in that city a Servian grammar, to which were appended Servian songs. Since that period, in addition to the volumes of poetry, from which Mr Bowring's translations are made, he has published at different times a collection of Servian Tales; a treatise on the Servian tongue as compared with the other Slavonic idioms; and also a specimen of a translation of the New Testament into Servian. He is now understood to be in some way connected with the household of the Hospodar of Servia, and employed in gather-

ing for future publication a fresh supply of the popular poetry of his country.

The republic of letters is under lasting obligations to Mr Bowring for the zeal and perseverance, with which he has applied himself to an investigation of the northern languages of Europe, and for the unrivalled manner in which he has transferred into his own tongue poetical treasures, hitherto concealed in the rude idioms of the bards by whom they were first sung. He is himself a genuine poet; and when to this highest gift of genius we add an aptitude for acquiring languages, a knowledge of various European dialects, a quick perception of the poetical images and associations of different countries, and, above all, a remarkable facility in catching the spirit of a foreign author, and making it live and breathe in his own idiom with all its original force and peculiarity, we then have a rare assemblage of qualities, which solve at once the enigma of the translator's success. In his poetical sympathies Mr Bowring is emphatically a citizen of the world, confined to no place or time. With the minstrels of Russia, Poland, Servia, and other countries, he is apparently as much at ease, as if they had been his inmates from infancy under his native skies, and he enters with equal readiness into their local associations, feelings, and attachments; looking out upon the broad compass of nature, tracing its varied forms, and recognising the manners and social habits of different nations and ages, with a familiarity that would seem to betray an intimate companionship. Through whatever region his imagination strays, it has the remarkable power of acquiring the hue of the objects around it, and of reflecting even the most delicate tints strongly and distinctly. He everywhere shows himself

‘A lover of the meadows and the woods  
And mountains; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
Of eye and ear, both what they half create  
And what perceive.’

Mr Bowring's *Russian Anthology*, containing translations from the best Russian poets, was well received in England, and republished in this country. Since the appearance of that work, he has presented to the world *Specimens of the Polish Poets*, with a history of the poetical literature of Poland; the *Batavian Anthology*, or specimens of the Dutch poets; a work, entitled *Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain*; and one, called

*Matins and Vespers*, which, together with translations and imitations of some of the best devotional poetry in the German and other tongues, contains not a few exquisite original pieces, and of which, we are happy to find, an edition has just proceeded from the American press. And now we are greeted with the volume of *Servian Popular Poetry*; and a promise of the translator is also before the public to send out shortly *Finnish Runes* accompanied by a history of the poetry and mythology of Finland. Thus every corner of Europe seems destined to come under his researches, and to yield up, at his command, its hidden stores of literature. The community of letters all over the world, will rejoice in the success of his conquests.

As sources of history these acquisitions will not be without their value, especially the poetry of uncivilized nations, delineating the scenes of barbarous ages. There are instances in which compositions of this sort constitute the entire records of events. The poetry of the Servians, for a long course of time, dwelt only in the recollection of the people; writing was not in use among them till recently; and the great acts of their ancestors, as well as some of the more remarkable occurrences of common life, were transmitted in song, and kept alive from one generation to another by oral repetition. The historian Raich, in his description of the Slavonian people, published within the last thirty years, cites the Servian ballads as authority. So it was with the Greeks and Spartans in early times. Their laws were composed in verse, and transmitted by tradition. The deeds of heroes were perpetuated in the same manner. The natives of the western world had their poetical traditions. Such were the materials from which Garcilaso formed his account of the Incas of Peru, and such are the war songs and legends of our North American Indians. The history, which has been derived from these fabulous sources, can make little pretension to truth of narrative; it may, however, give impressions of the character, manners, and passions of a people, their morals and religion, their social customs and degree of refinement. These are often of more consequence, than minute details of battles and sieges, movements of armies and the intrigues of a court; they are, in fact, among the results at which all history aims, or ought to aim; their influence is to instruct the mind and improve the heart by the experience of past ages.

Mr Bowring arranges his specimens of Servian poetry in two classes ; first, such as he calls *historical, traditional, and religious ballads* ; secondly, *lyrics, songs, and occasional poems*. We shall select a few examples from each of these classes. The first ballad in order is entitled the ‘Abduction of the Beautiful Iconia.’ The story is told with spirit and simplicity, although the adventure itself is less extraordinary, than the manner of bringing it about. The heroes of the Iliad were wont to sit in halls, and drink wine, and sometimes to elope with a fair damsel, as the Trojans experienced to their cost. In later days the nobles of Servia were addicted to similar practices.

‘Golden wine drinks Theodore of Stalach  
 In his Castle Stalach, on Morava ;  
 Pours him out the wine his aged mother.  
 While the wine-fumes to his head were rising,  
 Thus his mother spoke unto the hero ;  
 “Son of mine ! thou Theodore of Stalach !  
 Tell me, wherefore hast thou not espoused thee ?  
 Thou art in thy youthful days of beauty ;  
 In thy dwelling now thine aged mother  
 Fain would see thy children play around her.”’ p. 3.

The duteous Theodore seems nothing loth to listen to his mother’s counsel. His approval is tempered, however, with reflections on the past, indicating a mind not perfectly tranquil. He complains, that, after having sought for a fair one to his liking ‘through many a land and city,’ his mother’s kindness toward the object of his choice had not been conspicuous ; and where she had shown a ‘friendly feeling,’ he had ‘found the maiden false and faithless.’ These are discouraging presages for the future, yet he tells her that his thoughts are bent on another, the ‘beauteous Iconia,’ whom he had seen the day before with ‘thirty lovely maidens,’ bleaching yarn and linen on a river’s bank.

‘She, indeed, would be a bride to cherish ;  
 She, indeed, were worthy of thy friendship.  
 But that maiden is betrothed already ;  
 She is promised unto George Irénē—  
 To Irene, for Sredoi, his kinsman.  
 But I’ ll win that maiden—I will win her,  
 Or will perish in the deed, my mother !’ p. 4.

Against this rash resolution, of course, the cautious mother

remonstrates, and reminds her son, that the maid is not only betrothed to another, but is of ‘monarch’s kindred,’ and the consequences may be perilous.

‘But the hero cared not for his mother ;  
 Loud he called to Dôbrivi, his servant—  
 “Dobrivi ! come hither, trusty servant !  
 Bring my brown steed forth, and make him ready—  
 Make him ready with the silver saddle ;  
 Rein him with the gold-embroider’d bridle.”  
 When the steed was ready, forth he hasten’d,  
 Flung him on his back, and spurr’d him onward  
 To the gentle river of Morava,  
 Flowing through Resava’s quiet levels.

And he reach’d Resava’s gentle river ;  
 There again he saw the thirty maidens—  
 There he saw the beauteous Iconia.  
 Then the hero feign’d a sudden sickness ;  
 Ask’d for help ; and sped her courteous greeting—  
 “God above be with thee, lovely maiden !”  
 And the loveliest to his words made answer,  
 “And with thee be bliss, thou stranger-warrior !”

“Lovely maiden ! for the love of heaven,  
 Wilt thou give one cup of cooling water ?  
 For a fiery fever glows within me ;  
 From my steed I dare not rise, fair maiden !  
 For my steed, he hath a trick of evil—  
 Twice he will not let his rider mount him.”

Warm and earnest was the maiden’s pity,  
 And, with gentle voice, she thus address’d him ;  
 “Nay ! not so—not so, thou unknown warrior !  
 Harsh and heavy is Resava’s water ;  
 Harsh and heavy e’en for healthful warriors ;  
 How much worse for fever-sickening tired ones !  
 Wait, and I a cup of wine will bring thee.”

Swiftly tripp’d the maiden to her dwelling ;  
 With a golden cup of wine return’d she,  
 Which she reach’d to Theodore of Stalach.  
 Out he stretch’d his hand ; but not the wine cup,  
 But the maiden’s hand he seized, and flung her,  
 Flung her on his chesnut steed behind him ;  
 Thrice he girt her with his leathern girdle,  
 And the fourth time with his sword-belt bound her ;  
 And he bore her to his own white dwelling.’ pp. 5—7.

The ‘Stepsisters’ is a tragic tale of jealousy, and depicts that baleful passion in a hideous form. It is the jealousy of a wife, caused by her husband’s affection for his sister. The beautiful polish of the poetry exhibits a striking contrast to the barbarous manners of the age, in which the ballad must have been composed.

‘Near each other grew two verdant larches,  
And, between, a high and slender fir tree ;  
Not two larches were they—not two larches,  
Not a high and slender fir between them—  
They were brothers, children of one mother.  
One was Paul ; the other brother, Radul.  
And, between them, Jelitza, their sister.  
Cordial was the love her brothers bore her ;  
Many a token of affection gave her,  
Many a splendid gift and many a trifle,  
And at last a knife, in silver hafted,  
And adorn’d with gold, they gave their sister.’ p. 8.

These tokens of love to Jelitza from her brothers excite the violent hatred of Paul’s wife, who resolves on her destruction, and first endeavors to enlist the wife of Radul in her purpose, but without effect. Her next aim is to make her husband the instrument of her vengeance. She kills his horse, and charges it to Jelitza ; to this Paul gives no heed. She wrings the neck of his ‘grey noble falcon,’ and lays the crime again to Jelitza ; Paul is still unmoved. She is not to be baffled in her designs ; she steals the ‘golden knife,’ murders with it her own infant, conceals it, reeking with blood, under the pillow of Jelitza, and calls on her husband to avenge the atrocious act.

‘Up sprang Paul, like one possess’d by madness ;  
To the upper floor he hasten’d wildly ;  
There his sister on her mats was sleeping,  
And the golden knife beneath her pillow.  
Swift he seized the golden knife,—and drew it—  
Drew it, panting, from its silver scabbard ;—  
It was damp with blood—’t was red and gory !

When the noble Paul saw this, he seized her,—  
Seized her by her own white hand, and cursed her :  
“ Let the curse of God be on thee, sister !  
Thou didst murder, too, my favorite courser ;  
Thou didst murder, too, my noble falcon ;  
But thou shouldst have spared the helpless baby.”

Higher yet his sister swore, and louder—  
 “ ‘T was not I, upon my life, my brother ;  
 On my life, and on thy life, I swear it !  
 But if thou wilt disregard my swearing,  
 Take me to the open fields—the desert ;  
 Bind thy sister to the tails of horses ;  
 Let four horses tear my limbs asunder.’ ”  
 But the brother trusted not his sister ;  
 Furiously he seized her white hand—bore her  
 To the distant fields—the open desert ;  
 To the tails of four fierce steeds he bound her,  
 And he drove them forth across the desert ;—  
 But, where’er a drop of blood fell from her,  
 There a flower sprung up,—a fragrant flow’ret ;  
 Where her body fell when dead and mangled,  
 There a church arose from out the desert.’ pp. 11—12.

After this catastrophe the hand of Heaven falls heavily upon Paul’s wife ; she is smitten with a painful and loathsome sickness, which tortures her for ‘ nine long years,’ till

‘ ‘Midst her bones the matted dog grass sprouted,  
 And amidst it nestled angry serpents,  
 Which, though hidden, drank her eyelight’s brightness.’

As the last hope of relief, she begs to be carried to Jelitz’s church. When she approaches it, a voice cries from within, ‘ ‘Come not hither,’ assuring her that no remedy is there. Borne down with anguish and despair, she implores her husband to end her misery by the same death that his sister had suffered. She is torn asunder by horses, and thus the tragedy closes, by rendering poetical justice, in its full measure, to the wretched victim of her passions and crimes.

‘ Wheresoe’er a drop of blood fell from her,  
 There sprang up the rankest thorns and nettles.  
 Where her body fell, when dead, the waters  
 Rush’d and form’d a lake both still and stagnant.  
 O’er the lake there swam a small black courser :  
 By his side a golden cradle floated ;  
 On the cradle sat a young grey falcon ;  
 In the cradle, slumbering, lay an infant ;  
 On its throat the white hand of its mother ;  
 And that hand a golden knife was holding.’ p. 14.

In the story of ‘ Ajkuna’s Marriage,’ we have the old troublesome affair of settling the claims between wealth and

merit, in the preliminaries of matrimony. As it happened of yore, even in the half barbarous regions of Servia, so we suppose it has often happened since, and in more civilized countries. The fair one is prone to form a different estimate of these matters from that of her more prudent parents or guardians. It was Ajkuna's fate to be of this number.

'She was lovely—nothing e'er was lovelier;  
 She was tall and slender as the pine tree;  
 White her cheeks, but tinged with rosy blushes,  
 As if morning's beam had shown upon them,  
 Till that beam had reach'd its high meridian;  
 And her eyes, they were two precious jewels;  
 And her eyebrows, leeches from the ocean;  
 And her eyelids, they were wings of swallows;  
 Silken tufts the maiden's flaxen ringlets;  
 And her sweet mouth was a sugar casket;  
 And her teeth were pearls array'd in order;  
 White her bosom, like two snowy dovelets;  
 And her voice was like the dovelet's cooing;  
 And her smiles were like the glowing sunshine;  
 And the fame, the story of her beauty  
 Spread through Bosnia and through Herzegovina.'

pp. 27, 28.

Such a paragon of female loveliness was not doomed to a solitary existence. The spouse of Ulysses was never surrounded by a more obsequious crowd of suitors. Ajkuna's choice depended on the will of her brother. By striking off one and another, he reduced the throng of candidates to two, 'the old grey-headed Mustaph Aga,' and 'Suko of Ubdinia,' and desired her to choose between them. Mustaph Aga came laden with 'thousand golden coins,' divers vessels of solid gold, and a diamond of huge dimensions, that surpassed the sun's brightness, and turned midnight into noonday. As for Suko, a poor dozen of ducats, a steed, and a sabre, were all his possessions. He

'dwelt upon the country's border,  
 As the falcon dwells among the breezes.'

Ajkuna professed entire submission to her brother's will, yet she ventured to insinuate a lurking inclination, and a preference. In reply to his eulogy of Mustaph Aga's treasures, she said,

'But I 'd rather choose a youthful lover,  
 Howsoever small that youth's possessions,

Than be wedded to old age, though wealthy.  
 Wealth—it is not gold—it is not silver;  
 Wealth—is to possess what most we cherish.'

The brother's ears were not open to this mixture of sentiment and logic ; with him to choose was not to prefer ; he gave the maid to 'that old white-bearded man,' and fixed on the day for the nuptial rites. At the time appointed, the bridal guests assembled, and among them Suko, whose office it was to bear the 'bridal banner.' The poet may tell the rest of the story, and describe, in his own numbers, the devices of love when reduced to an extremity.

'At the dwelling of the lovely maiden,  
 Three white days the bridal crowd had linger'd,—  
 When the fourth day dawn'd, at early morning,  
 Forth they led the maiden from her dwelling ;  
 And ere yet far off they had proceeded,  
 Ere they reach'd the flat and open country,  
 Turn'd the lovely maiden to the leader,  
 And into his ear these words she whisper'd ;  
 "Tell me now, my golden ring, my brother !  
 Who is chosen for the maiden's bridegroom ?"  
 Softly did the marriage-leader answer ;  
 "Sweetest sister ! fairest maid, Ajkuna !  
 Look to right, and look to left, about thee ;  
 Dost thou see that old man in the distance,  
 Who like an effendi sits so proudly  
 In the farthest palanquin of scarlet,  
 Whose white beard o'ercovers all his bosom ?  
 Lo ! it is the aged Mustaph Aga ;  
 He it is who 's chosen for thy bridegroom."  
 And the maiden look'd around the circle  
 And within her sad heart sighing deeply,  
 Once again she ask'd the marriage-leader ;  
 "Who is he upon that white horse seated,  
 He who bears so high aloft the banner,  
 On whose chin that sable beard is growing ?"  
 And the leader answers thus the maiden ;  
 "He 's the hero Suko of Urbinia ;  
 He who for thee with thy brother struggled,—  
 Struggled well indeed, but could not win thee."  
 When the lovely maiden heard the leader,  
 On the black, black earth, anon she fainted ;  
 All to raise her, hastening, gather round her,

And the last of all came Mustaph Aga ;  
 None could lift her from the ground, till Suko  
 Sticks into the earth his waving banner,  
 Stretches out his right hand to the maiden.  
 See her, see her ! from the ground upspringing,  
 Swift she vaults upon his steed behind him ;  
 Rapidly he guides the courser onwards,  
 Swift they speed across the open desert,  
 Swift as ever star across the heavens.

When the old man saw it, Mustaph Aga,  
 Loud he screamed with voice of troubled anger ;  
 "Look to this, ye bidden to the wedding !  
 He, the robber ! bears away my maiden ;  
 See her, see her borne away for ever."  
 But one answer met the old man's wailings ;  
 "Let the hawk bear off the quail in safety,—  
 Bear in safety—she was born to wed him ;  
 Thou, retire thee to thy own white dwelling !  
 Blossoms not for thee so fair a maiden !'" pp. 31—34.

These specimens of the ballads must suffice, although there are others that might be quoted with equal advantage ; particularly the 'Lament of Hassan Aga's Wife,' and the 'Building of Scadra,' the former containing a pathetic illustration of maternal tenderness conflicting with the wounded feelings produced by a husband's neglect, and the latter founded on the wild superstition, that the fortress of Scadra, now Scutari, could not be raised, till a female had been sacrificed by being built up alive in its walls. Both these ballads are tragical, and are examples of highly wrought pathos.

With a few specimens from the songs and occasional poems we shall fill up the remaining space allotted to this article. These are various in their subjects and poetical merit, but they are uniformly marked with a simplicity, good taste, and refined sentiment, that would entitle them to a high rank in the imaginative literature of a people much farther advanced in civilization, than the Servians could have been. The following beautiful little poem Göthe calls 'wonderful,' and, considering the origin of these compositions, the same epithet may be applied with scarcely less force to many others.

#### FAREWELL.

'Against white Buda's walls, a vine  
 Doth its white branches fondly twine ;

O, no ; it was no vine tree there ;  
 It was a fond, a faithful pair,  
 Bound each to each in earliest vow—  
 And, O ! they must be severed now !  
 And these their farewell words ; “ We part—  
 Break from my bosom—break—my heart !  
 Go to a garden—go, and see,  
 Some rose-branch blushing on the tree ;  
 And from that branch a rose-flower tear,  
 Then place it on thy bosom bare ;  
 And as its leavelets fade and pine,  
 So fades my sinking heart in thine.”  
 And thus the other spoke ; “ My love !  
 A few short paces backward move,  
 And to the verdant forest go ;  
 There’s a fresh water fount below ;  
 And in the fount a marble stone,  
 Which a gold cup reposes on ;  
 And in the cup a ball of snow—  
 Love ! take that ball of snow to rest  
 Upon thine heart within thy breast.  
 And as it melts unnoticed there,  
 So melts my heart in thine, my dear ! ” ’ pp. 112—114.

Some of the pieces in the following promiscuous selection are inferior to this, yet they contain genuine touches of nature, and would do credit to the lyrics of any nation, whether as breathing the spirit of poesy, or describing the workings of the gentler passions. Love was an inspiring theme with the Servian minstrels, and they handled it with tenderness and delicacy.

#### INQUIRY.

‘ A maiden sat on th’ ocean shore,  
 And held this converse with herself ;  
 “ O God of goodness and of love !  
 What’s broader than the mighty sea,  
 And what is longer than the field,  
 And what is swifter than the steed,  
 What sweeter than the honey dew,  
 What dearer than a brother is ? ”  
 A fish thus answered from the sea ;  
 “ O maid ! thou art a foolish girl.  
 The heaven is broader than the sea ;  
 The sea is longer than the field ;  
 The eye is swifter than the steed ;  
 Sugar more sweet than honey dew ;  
 Dearer than brother is thy love.” ’ p. 184.

## THE VIOLET.

‘ How captivating is to me,  
 Sweet flower ! thine own young modesty !  
 Though did I pluck thee from thy stem,  
 There’s none would wear thy purple gem.  
 I thought, perchance, that Ali Bey—  
 But he is proud and lofty—nay !  
 He would not prize thee—would not wear  
 A flower so feeble though so fair ;  
 His turban for its decorations  
 Has full blown roses and carnations.’ p. 115.

## FROZEN HEART.

‘ Thick fell the snow upon St George’s day ;  
 The little birds all left their cloudy bed ;  
 The maiden wander’d barefoot on her way ;  
 Her brother bore her sandals, and he said ;  
 “ O sister mine ! cold, cold thy feet must be.”  
 “ No ! not my feet, sweet brother ! not my feet—  
 But my poor heart is cold with misery.  
 There’s nought to chill me in the snowy sleet ;  
 My mother—’t is my mother who hath chill’d me,  
 Bound me to one who with disgust hath fill’d me.”’ p. 137.

## SECRETS DIVULGED.

Two lovers kiss each other in the meadows ;  
 They think that no one sees the fond betrayal,  
 But the green meadows see them, and are faithless ;  
 To the white flocks incontinent they say all ;  
 And the white flocks proclaim it to the shepherd,  
 The shepherd to a high-road traveller brings it ;  
 He to a sailor on the restless ocean tells it,  
 The sailor to his spice-ship thoughtless sings it ;  
 The spice-ship whispers it upon the waters,  
 The waters rush to tell the maiden’s mother.

And thus impassioned spoke the lovely maiden—  
 “ Meadows ! of spring-days never see another !  
 Flocks ! may the cruel ravenous wolves destroy ye.  
 Thee, shepherd ! may the cruel Moslem slaughter.  
 Wanderer ! may oft thy slippery footsteps stumble.  
 Thee, sailor ! may the ocean billows smother.  
 Ship ! may a fire unquenchable consume thee ;  
 And sink into the earth, thou treacherous water ! ”

pp. 161, 162.

## THE KNITTER.

‘The maiden sat upon the hill,  
 Upon the hill and far away,  
 Her fingers wove a silken cord,  
 And thus I heard the maiden say ;  
 “O with what joy, what ready will,  
 If some fond youth, some youth adored,  
 Might wear thee, should I weave thee now !  
 The finest gold I ’d interblend,  
 The richest pearls as white as snow.  
 But if I knew, my silken friend,  
 That an old man should wear thee, I  
 The coarsest worsted would inweave,  
 Thy finest silk for dog-grass leave,  
 And all thy knots with nettles tie.”’ p. 124.

## THE CHOICE.

‘He slept beneath a poplar tree ;  
 And three young maidens cross’d the way ;  
 I listen’d to the lovely three,  
 And heard them to each other say ;—  
 “Now what is dearest, love ! to thee ?”  
 The eldest said—“Young Ranko’s ring  
 Would be to me the dearest thing.”  
 “No ! not for me,” the second cried ;  
 “I ’d choose the girdle from his side.”  
 “Not I,” the youngest said—“In truth,  
 I ’ll rather have the sleeping youth.  
 The ring, O sister, will grow dim,  
 The girdle will ere long be broken ;  
 But this is an eternal token,—  
 His love for me, and mine for him.”’ p. 177.

The mythology of the Servians is not very well defined. There is an invisible personage, however, who is sometimes brought into action, and to whom great powers are ascribed. ‘An omnipresent spirit,’ says Mr Bowring, ‘airy and fanciful, making its dwelling in solitudes, and ruling over mountains and forests, a being called the *Vila*, is heard to issue its irresistible mandates, and pour forth its prophetic inspiration ; sometimes in a form of female beauty, sometimes a wilder Diana, now a goddess gathering or dispersing the clouds, and now an owl among ruins and ivy. The *Vila*, always capricious, and frequently malevolent, is a most important actor in all the popular poetry of Servia. She is equally renowned for the beauty of her person,

and the swiftness of her step.' This Vila has a resemblance to the *Peri* of the Persians. The tragical incident in the 'Building of Scadra' was owing to her imperious decree. She demanded the sacrifice of a human victim before the walls could be raised. In the following lines, *vishnia* means 'the Vistula cherry tree,' to which the Vilas are said to be partial.

## VILAS.

'Vishnia ! lovely vishnia !  
 Lift thy branches higher ;  
 For beneath thy branches,  
 Vilas dance delighted ;  
 While Radisha dashes  
 From the flow'r's the dewdrops.  
 Vilas two conveying,  
 To the third he whispers ;  
 " O be mine, sweet Vila !  
 Thou, with mine own mother,  
 In the shade shalt seat thee ;  
 Silken vestments spinning,  
 Weaving golden garments." ' p. 157.

We cannot take leave of this little volume of Servian poems, without expressing our unfeigned acknowledgment to the translator for this new gem, which he has added to the diadem of English literature. His labors in the novel walks, which he has chosen, have all been successful and important, and none more so than the last. After the agreeable entertainment he has now given us, we shall be impatient to meet him again in his *Finnish Runes*, and learn from his report what the muses have deigned to sing on the northern borders of the Baltic.

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ART. VI.—*The Life and Correspondence of Major Cartwright.*  
 Edited by his Niece, F. D. CARTWRIGHT. 2 vols. 8vo.  
 London. 1826.

THE distinction between great wit and madness is not more nice, according to the satirist, than that between revolutions and revolts, reformers and alarmists. Even with minds of a passable share of liberality, there is, we fear, some little odium in ill success. The hero is not always complete to the vulgar eye,